

LYNDON

BURKETT



Gunnar Benson







A. D. BURKETT

# L y n d o n

By

A. D. Burkett

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**A. D. BURKETT**

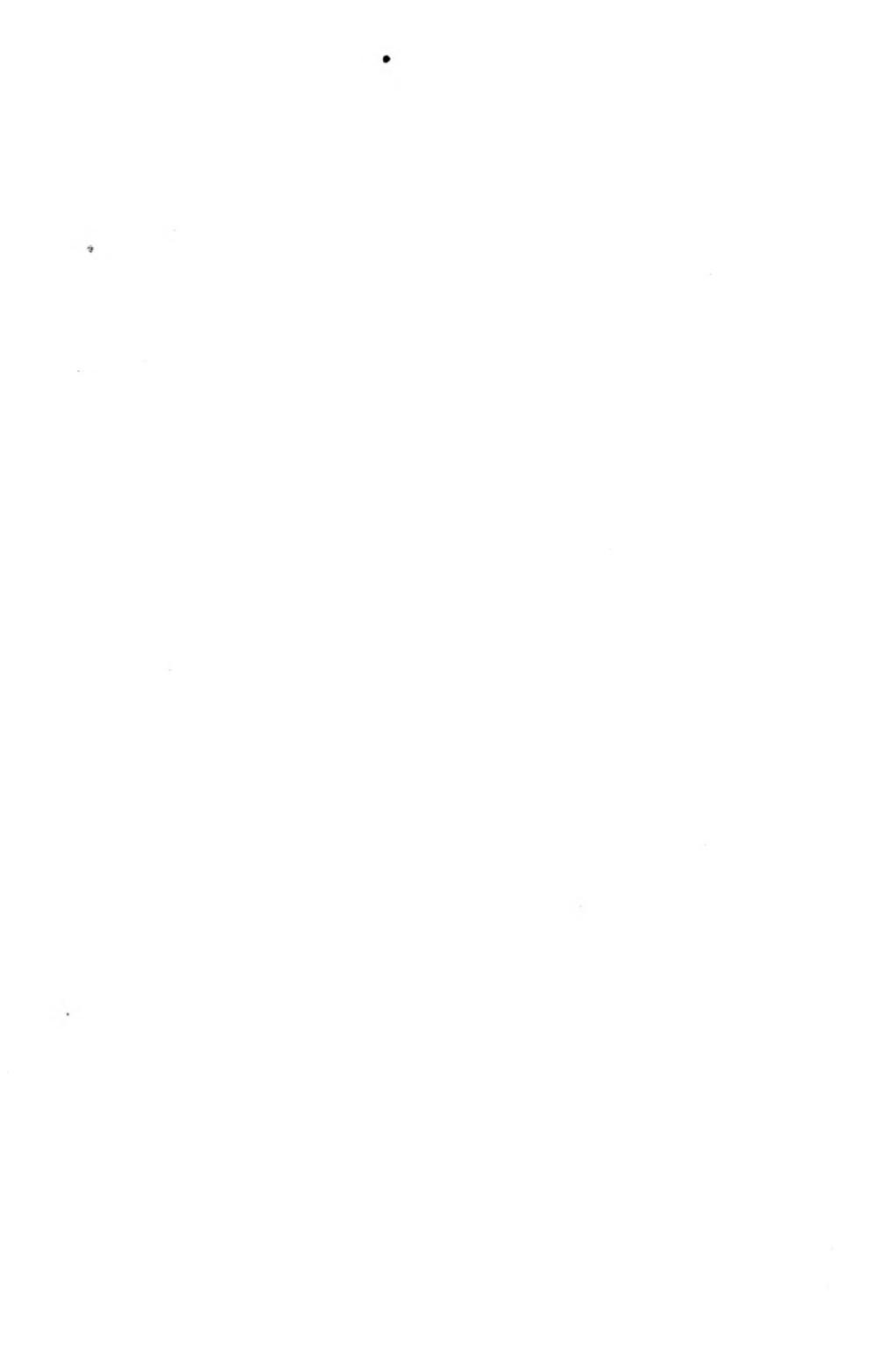
Dedicated:

*To those who may care to read slowly,  
Or sit by a river and dream,  
Or listen to stars and to sunlight,  
And interpret the seen by the unseen.*





*As the Memory of Those that We Love*



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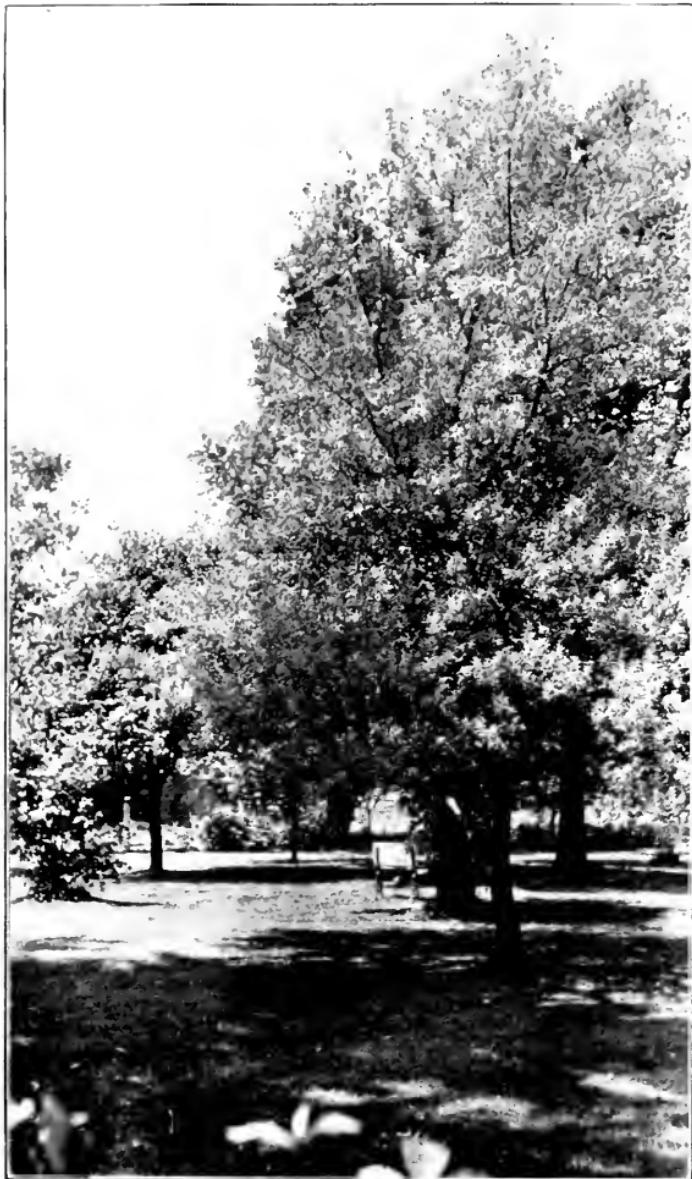
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*And the Olives—Silent Watchers*



## Exordium

Listen, heart, while old Rock River,  
As it murmurs on its way,  
Lit by sunbeams rich and golden—  
Morning's flush and closing day—  
Tells a story of the ruins,  
Both of castles and of walls:  
Walls that stand in lonely silence,  
Minding us of funeral palls;  
Castles only minds have builded  
And that eyes have never seen:  
Vanished hopes and expectations  
Floated out upon the stream,  
Drifted down and gone forever;  
Tossed upon some far-off sea,  
Wrecks they are upon the ocean—  
Ocean of Eternity.

And if you will listen calmly,  
You can hear the bells at morn  
Ringing out across the prairie,  
Ringing clearly through the storm;  
Through the sunshine and the shadows,  
Calling souls to yonder bourn  
Where the daylight lengthens ever  
And the heart is ne'er forlorn.

In old Lyndon you may wander  
Where the pansy borders bloom,  
Where the mignonette and roses  
Give the zephyrs sweet perfume;  
See the stately purple palace  
Where the queen of springtime reigns,  
And the olives—silent watchers—  
And the quiet lover-lanes.

You may stand where morning-glories  
Trail the lattice and the dome  
Of the children's play-cathedral  
On the diamond-covered lawn.  
Note the sun-kissed cheek of childhood  
Framed within the open door;  
Homes of many very lowly,  
Blest of God, in that they're poor.  
You may watch the struggle upward  
Of the men who seek to climb  
On the road which leads to heaven  
And its purple peaks sublime.  
You may hear the broken whispers  
Of the aged; see their tears,  
As they tell of golden day-dreams  
That have vanished with the years;  
Place your hand upon the gray head,  
Breathe a prayer,—their blessing said,  
May go forth to battle bravely  
Till life's golden sun is set.





## Sunrise

O golden dawn, that scatters gloom  
And brings from heaven's love-lit shore  
The promise of eternal day,  
I love thee well. Thy message sweet,  
Which comes in tones the heart can hear,  
Is grander, more sublime, methinks,  
Than if the skies were rift in twain  
And some great voice should startle men.  
So like thou art to all the rest  
Of heaven's blessings earth receives,  
So manifold thy changing sights:  
No sky has plagiarized, and yet  
Each day begins with dawn.  
And since the voice, "Let there be light,"  
How many million morns have lit  
The darksome world, and beckoned men  
From sleep of death to light of life.  
And he who will can drink that flood  
Of heaven's glory in his soul,  
And rob no man. Can hide each ray  
Within his hungry heart,  
Nor heaven nor earth shall poorer be.  
So do the forests yonder, fields,  
And flowers, and prairie hills all catch  
The beauteous beams and burst them wide,

Then, gathering up the scattered tints,  
Adorn themselves in gorgeous dress;  
But dawn is not one ray less bright.

And thou art equal to the task  
Of lighting up the darkest world  
With ease, as tho' 't were only play.  
We little tho't how great thy power  
Until we tried to lift thy load.

The darkness fell. Thick darkness crept  
Across the face of land and lake;  
The valleys first, then far-stretched plains  
Were caught away, as by that power  
Unseen—yet felt—which casts the pall.  
We tho't the mountains and their peaks  
So mighty in their majesty,  
Would stay the monster by their strength  
Or cause it cower in vales below,  
From very fear. Not so. It stretched  
Its mighty folds about their base;  
Then, reaching upward, threw a veil  
Upon their heads; then suddenly  
A shroud, and shut them from our sight  
As tho' forever more.  
“But sure,” we tho’t, “the clouds above  
Are far beyond its reach.”  
Yet while the words were on our lips  
Their glory fled, their light was gone.  
A fear we noted on their face

As when a hand, unseen, from out  
The gloom around hath seized the throat.  
We closed our eyes a moment from  
The sight, and when we looked again  
The world was dark; the day was dead;  
And night was everywhere.  
The accents sweet that loving lips  
Had caused to fall upon our hearts,  
We heard and felt as in the day,—  
The look of love was gone,—the night,  
Like jealousy, had come between.  
A gentle hand was pressed in ours,  
Companions dear were by our side—  
For grawsome night we saw them not.  
We tho't to go along our way,  
But, seeing nothing, fell into  
A deep and horrid, slimy pit.  
From thence we issued only when  
Our strength and hope were well-nigh spent.

Then, when we stood, much worn and weak  
With fruitless toil, to find a path,  
A gleam was seen a little way  
Across a darksome space.  
With gropings slow we reached the place,  
The substance seized and made a light,  
A torch, and lifting it on high,  
We tho't to drive the gloom away.  
But, O! How feeble was the flame,  
How ill revealed what we would see!  
A few square rods were dimly lit,—

Beyond were shadows,—shapeless things,  
That moved and breathed and rose and fell.  
We tho't, "The gods are haunting men;  
And hideous things are lurking near.  
O, what a fearful world is this!"  
The faces by our side each wore  
A ghastly look—seen in the glare,  
We feared them each; we questioned all,  
As in the days when Herod's kin  
Or Nero's dwelt uncertain by,  
Or tribes and nations slept in peace;  
And woke to find the torch applied,  
Their families driven forth, themselves  
Without a home or friend.  
Yet hope abode: a truer light  
Would make the world a truer world.

We saw afar, against the clouds,  
The lights that other men had lit;  
A yellow glow, a feeble flame,  
That made the darkness deeper seem,  
And hope sank low, for men had spent  
Their utmost strength to bring the day;  
And night and dread uncertainty  
In fear still wrapt the world.  
Thro' all the lonely hours of night  
The moon and stars did vainly strive  
To scatter gloom and give us day.  
Their light was dim at very best,  
And when the clouds swept o'er their face,  
The earth was wrapt in darkest night.



*The Bridge that Spans to Either Side*



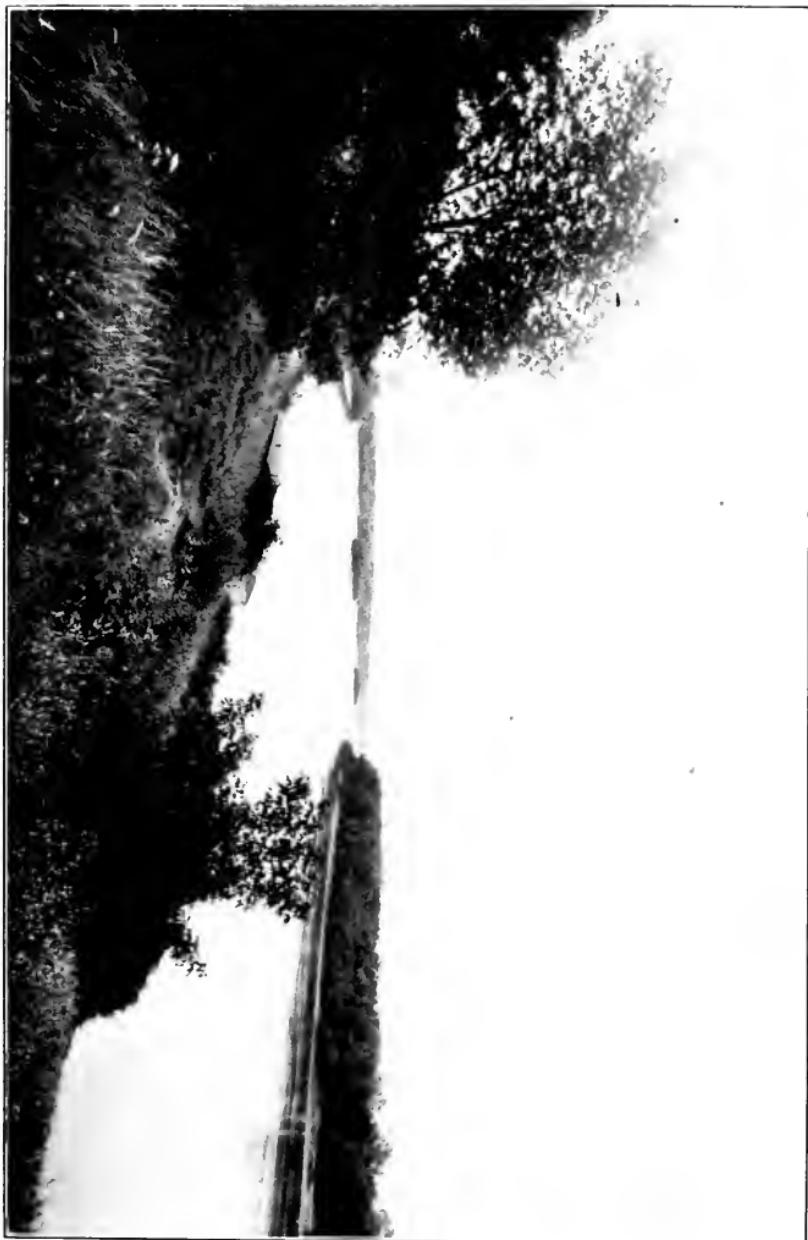
At last, when many hours had passed,  
We felt a somewhat in our souls  
We scarce could understand: as tho'  
Some higher power would give us aid.  
We stood with hand upon our lips,  
To wait some strange, mysterious change.  
The cold, dark disk of far-off blue  
Grew darker still, for heaven's lights,  
That watched the sleeping world, grew dim.  
Then, lo! the Eastern sky began  
To wear a faltering tint of light:  
So faint, so far, it seemed as if  
The soul's deep ear, which catches here  
The voices of the sky that speak  
In thousand times ten thousand tongues,  
Had scarcely heard from ether plains  
The golden bugle of the morn  
Play taps for stars, and wind the blast  
That wakes the artists of the day.

And then a glow along the low  
Horizon line. A beam shot up!  
A ray of light not man had made!  
Another! Yet another! O, a host!  
What is it, then? Bright rays which tell  
The coming of some greater light.  
And while we watched, and while we tho't,  
A flood,—so rich! so wondrous bright!  
O'erswept the sky. The gloom was gone.  
Up leaped the sun in majesty;  
In mighty strength: as born of God.

No hand but hand omnipotent  
Could wave a torch so vast as that!  
Its light was true. The forms about  
Each took the shape we earlier knew.  
The phantoms fled and vanished quite,  
As vapors do before the dawn.

We looked on meadowland and field;  
On forests green, where wild flowers grew;  
On hills whence came the cattle's low;  
We saw the river flowing far;  
The bridge that spanned to either side;  
The roadways, o'er which men go  
At morning time to labors,—sweet  
For this: love is their greater hire.  
About, the wild birds sang the notes  
That shepherds heard from angel lips,  
What time the moral hills of earth  
Were flooded with that Wondrous Light.  
We saw all beauteous things of earth,  
That hands of God and man hath made,  
And all was love; there was no night;  
We cried, "Hath come, the Perfect Light!"

O Christ, we only make one prayer:  
"May this day never die.  
Let moral darkness come no more.  
Shine, Thou, fore'er on high."



*The River*



## The River

Far-flowing and ancient river, by whose meadowed  
banks and whose margins

Live and die thro' the ages the members of many races,  
Ceaseless thou art in thy roaming from the sparkling  
fount to the ocean.

Little heeding the changes that men may work about  
thee,

Ever and ever onward, afar thou art flowing, O river.  
Cities and towns are growing in numbers unnoted  
beside thee,

Expecting to use thy tides and ebbs for the profit of  
commerce.

So they may, but thy waters, will tarry only a moment,  
Then flow onward again, forgetting the service they  
rendered.

Free are thy gifts to the world ; uncounted, unledgered .  
thy blessings.

Ne'er hast thou sought again what men, unthankful,  
have borrowed.

Like the rain which falls from the skies when the mists  
are rolling above us

Over the thirsty land, that pleads with uplifted ver-  
ture;

Like the sunbeams warm and full that float thro'  
ethereal spaces,

Seeking the distant clod (which, wandering ever onward,  
Ever is guided in going by the strength of its father's yearnings).

As sings the bird in the tree or the orchard, or, flitting upward,

Flings to the clouds its song of ineffable music, and asks not

A penny's pay in return for its service daily rendered.  
Like dewdrops and sunbeams and bird song, so does the wonderful river

Bless the world with its gifts and find its reward in the blessing.

"Freely thou shalt receive and freely shall give again,"  
Didst thou hear the Master say, when He bade thee leap from thy fountains,

And hast thou learned so well the lesson by men forgotten?

Whence are thy many waters, tell me, O giver of blessings?

And a voice, I hear, that is sweet and musical past description:

Others may call it, "The splash of the waters that fall at the mill dam,"

But it tells its tale, and to me 'tis the answering voice of the blesser,

Out of the forest's shade and out of the sunlit prairies,  
Where, like silvery threads, thro' grasses green are running

Brooklets and creeks that sing night and day of the fountains.

Thousand there are that glean in the fields, where the sunbeams gather

Back the dews and the rain when the clouds have o'er-blessed the prairies;

Hither they come in a crowd, and pour these countless waters.

Whence is thy light, O stream? and the glinting waves make answer,

Out of the skies above, where the fires are burning eternal.

And the pathway of gold or of silver that stretches across the river

If so be, the skies are a-hazed or like amethyst pure and unsullied,

Points to the orb of day, that burns on the shield of the morning.

Whence are the waves, O stream, that lap thy shores forever?

Answer: "The winds have blown sometimes and have breathed some other."

And the little fountains and springs that come from thy depths unseen;

Boiling, now here, now there, and dying away in a wavelet;

Whence are they? Hast thou somewhat down in thy bosom hid

Of sorrow or pain that makes heartache and brings  
    to thy features so fair  
The lines which the world hath seen on the faces of  
    mothers and sweethearts  
When the stream of their life, flowing onward, has  
    passed o'er the rough, stony places  
Left by the tide of the years and the struggle of men  
    for possessions?

And the voice of the purling stream, which makes its  
    music forever,  
Tells me all that it has by some other hand hath been  
    given;  
And why should it hold for pay the blessings of earth  
    and heaven?

Near to the bank of the stream, by the side of its  
    whispering water,  
Grow the wild willow twigs, and the swamp-brush  
    sprouts in the summer,  
Shaggy and thick and unkept and tangled and twisted  
    together,—  
Only the hare or the mink could find a pathway among  
    them.  
Oft have I sat by the bank and looked on the wild,  
    woolly brushwood,  
Useless to man and to stream; unsightly and gross and  
    forbidding;  
Choking the water's way and hindering its onward  
    going,



*As the lives of men and of women,  
Are shaped by the current of years  
And the tide of the world's opinions.*

✓



*These have stood upright  
When the floods were sweeping about them*



Turning in spring to a curse and a scourge the turbulent waters,  
Flooding the lowland farms and drowning the helpless cattle.

Oft have I marked how the bushes and brush on the bank of the river  
Are bent down the way of the stream, as the lives of men and of women  
Are shaped by the current of years and the tide of the world's opinions;  
But back in the forest beyond, where the oak and the maple and walnut  
Lift their trunks to the sky and, stretching their branches upward,  
Bid the winds to blow on Æolian harps,—in winter, Making the silvan song that lulled to sleep the savage, In summer the murmurs of love that inspire the hearts of lovers;  
These have stood upright when the floods were sweeping about them, Laughed at their foam and fret and caring not for their rushings.  
Oft have I wondered, then, when I sat on the bank of the river, Whether my heart and life will be molded only by others, Or if they may grow toward the sky, like the kings of the forest yonder.

Few are the sons of men who have seen this wonderful river;  
Only here and there have they watched its flowing water;  
But to know the stream you must journey from its sea to its fountain,  
Under the summer skies and under the clouds of winter;  
Mark when the waters are warm and a bathing place for the schoolboy;  
And when the cakes of ice are floating like rafts in the river,  
Or when on the frozen flood rings the steel of the skaters.

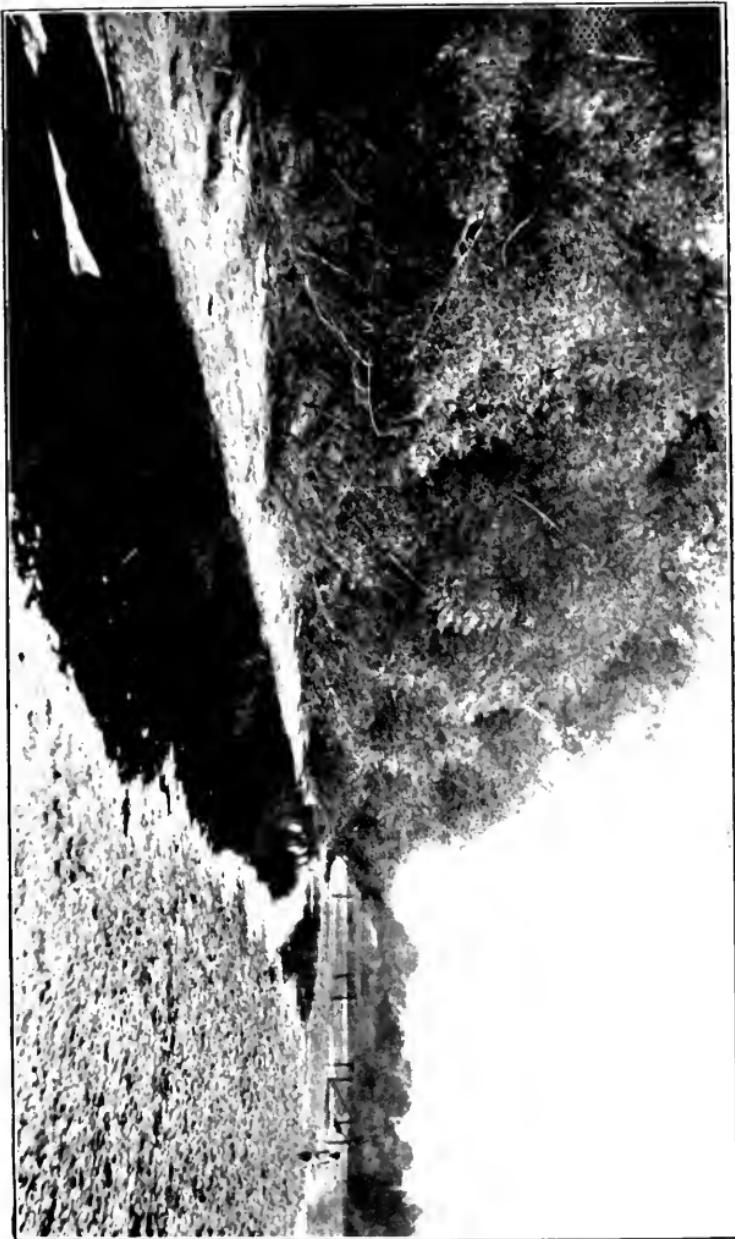
Note when the water shoals and the pebbles make mid-summer music;  
And when with the springtime flood it is swollen and rushing onward  
Over the lowland fields and drowning the helpless cattle.  
Mark when its mirror reflects the amethyst dome of the heavens,  
And when its surface is splashed with tears the clouds are weeping  
In autumn time for the flowers, which are faded and gone forever.  
Note when the lips of Aurora are kissing its wavelet brow;  
And when the moon and the stars are slumbering calm on its bosom.



*Floating Like Rafts in the River*



*Midsummer Morn*





Journey from where the spring creeps out of the bank  
of mosses

And, trickling down the rocks, glides along thro' the  
meadows.

Follow it all the way in its manifold windings and  
turnings

Past the lovers' bank and the dark and unsightly places;  
List to its gentle voice purling softly in whispers;  
Hear the thunderous tones at the place of its falling  
waters;

Note how the shingle-ship of the little child in the  
brooklet

Grows to a two-oared skiff for rowing out in the river;  
Then to the launch that churns its way along thro'  
the water;

And then at last is a vessel whose strength was built  
for the ocean.

See all its sights; hear its sounds, from the splashing,  
sparkling spring

Out to the windswept sea where the waves are boom-  
ing forever.

So with the lives of men who are living and toiling  
around us.

Oft times we think that we know their hearts and  
pass judgment upon them,

Saying that this one is good and condemning the other  
as evil;

Dreaming that this one brings joy and peace to the  
heart of the Maker,

Supposing the other, as ill, will receive the reward of  
damnation.

But have we seen their life, or only a fragment of  
living?

Seen the one when the breath of loving hearts was  
upon it;

Seen it when all was calm, and in peace it flowed—  
like a river,

Thro' prosperous fields of grain and meadows and  
quiet places.

Marked the time in the life when joy and love  
abounded.

The other heart we saw when the strivings of life  
were upon it,

When sorrow had crushed the soul, or when chill  
competition froze it.

Saw it when tempests of sin were sweeping in gusts  
around;

And marked the time in that life when grief or hate  
were predominant.

So we have judged other lives by only a fragment of  
living.

Hap'ly, the One who at last will give the names to  
the rivers,

Calling them good or ill, hath been from the sea to  
the fountain.

*Hidden by Undergrowths, and Covered Over with Lichens*





## Mill Ruins

On the banks of the flowing river, within sound of its  
murmuring waters,

Hidden by undergrowth, and covered over with lichens,  
Some of them fallen now and in heaps confusedly lying;  
Others standing yet and braving the winds of winter,  
Giving a home for birds in the mating days of summer;  
Still may be seen the remains of a one time promising  
industry.

Fled are the years when it flourished, and gone like a  
vision of midnight.

Only in dreams may be heard the thud and roar of  
machinery;

Only in dreams may be seen the coming and going of  
workmen.

Once 't was a busy place; in the memory of those who  
are grayest,

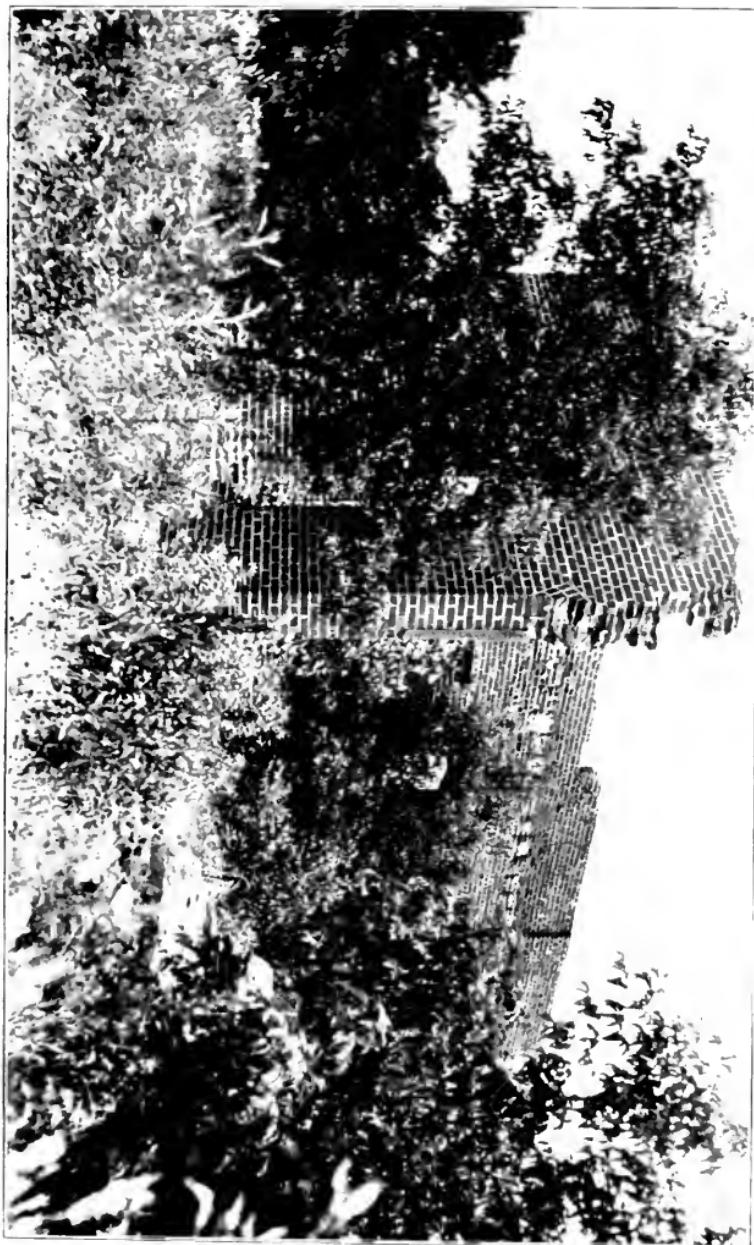
Still of a summer's day is seen the team of the farmer  
Coming a-down the lane that was cut thro' the hill  
for an entrance;

Still he ties his horse to the iron ring of the door-sill,  
What time he waits for the flour,—when the power is  
slack for water,—

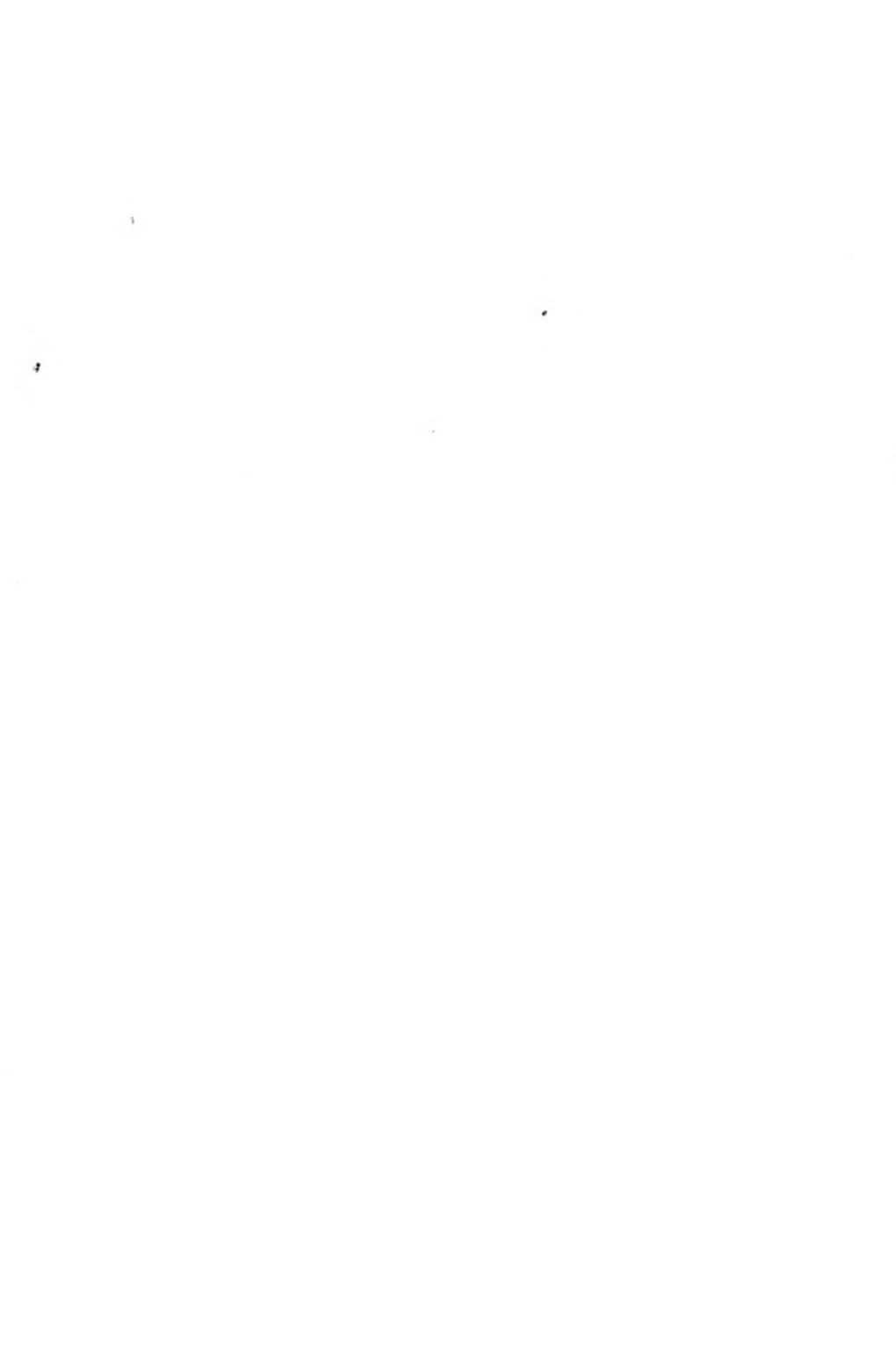
Chatting with neighbor or friend who may chance to  
be there before him.

No more the laborer goes, in the gathering gloom of evening,  
Homeward along the bank of the whispering, slow-moving water,  
Swinging his dinner pail and jingling the coins in his pocket,  
Whistling a merry tune and keeping time with his footstep ;  
Seeing the lights that shine from the windows of waiting people,  
Knowing a welcome is there and the kindly words of the housewife.  
Silence and loneliness now, where once was the roar of industry,  
Save for the cricket's song at eve in the grasses in summer,  
Or the chatter and bicker of birds when the sparrows have droved in the autumn.

Silently wait the walls of some of the larger buildings ;  
Sentinels they, who watch by the graves of those that are fallen.  
Dreamers they are,—of the days when along the bank of the river  
There shall come again a company of men with axes,  
With pick and shovel and team,—with implements made for working ;  
Gather away the stones and the years' dilapidations,  
Open again the race, and build once more the mill-dam ;



*Where Once was the Roar of Industry*



Call the mills from their sleep in their graves by the  
beautiful river,  
Bidding them yield to the world the wealth that was  
buried with them.

Oft have I wondered why, thro' the years that have  
speeded swiftly,

This mine of wealth should lie in ruins o'ergrown and  
hidden.

Why no man has come, with money and business am-  
bition;

Spoken the word of charm that will call this genie  
to living;

And received the fabulous wealth which into its power  
is given.

Not for a hundred miles along this grand old river  
Is a more delightsome place for a city's site, or a  
mill-dam;

Nor is there anywhere that the latent power is greater.

Yet the way of the world hath ever been thus thro'  
the ages.

Read the story of Rome or of Carthage, or far-away  
India.

Where are the hills that gave birth to the arts of the  
Greeks, the ancients,

The flowers, the birds, and the bees, and the sea, and  
the sky, and the forest,

The countless growing things that touched the hearts  
of the poets?

Or the dawnings of wonderful days that guided the  
brush of a Turner?

Are they gone? Are they dead? Or forgotten? Or  
hidden behind a veil

And waiting the coming of men with lofty and noble  
ambition?

Wait, ye weeping walls that stand by the graves of  
your fallen:

We, too, wait for the day that shall give us back our  
beloved.

And the world that was wondrous fair and now hath  
been wintry for ages,

Hopes for the dawn of the day when Eden shall bloom  
and be golden.



*How Sweet Their Tones! No Human Ear e'er heard  
A Melody More Grand*



## The Bells

When first November gathers in her lap  
The ripened fruit of summer's dew and damp,  
When quails are piping in the fields and lanes,  
And swift the West wind whirls the weather-vane;  
When nights grow long and overlap the days,  
And Sol begins to slant his beauteous rays;  
When flowers are gone and forests are a-bloom,  
And put to shame the horticulturist's groom;  
When, manna-like, the frost is on the ground,  
And when you catch from far the softest sounds,  
Then, first you hear,—the bells.

How sweet their tones! No human ear e'er heard  
A melody more grand. No note of bird  
Or strain of orchestra, or blare of band,  
Or call of bugle held in practiced hand;  
No water's fall, no thunder's cannonade,  
Nor murmur of the winds in forest glade,  
Nor boom of waves on ocean's rock-bound coast,  
Or music of the seas, or all the host  
That fill the earth with sound to mankind dear,  
Which drive away the gloom and bring good cheer,  
Can equal this,—the bells.

Their notes are manifold and strangely roll  
Across the world, as tho' from ages old.  
In childhood's early morn we heard them call,  
And questioned, "Whence such wondrous voices fall?"  
It seemed a mystic sound we could not understand,  
It seemed that they were rung by many hands.  
Sometimes so faint, as tho' a feeble voice;  
Sometimes so loud, as tho' a battle noise.  
We stood, with childish wondering eyes and heart,  
And tho't to see the swiftly speeding dart,  
That spirit voice,—the bells.

One morn so late, it summer seemed,  
When earth was dry and warm, and grasses green.  
A laddie trudged the lazy way to school—  
And, longing much to break the master's rule,  
He came to where an east and southward fence  
Did intersect. He felt the blissful sense  
Of lazy warmth steal o'er his frame, and there  
Threw down his books and coat, all unaware,  
Like one of old, that God was in the place  
And he, that day, should start to run life's race,  
Inspired by—the bells.

From distant pools he heard the froggies sing,  
In forest near the birds were on the wing,  
The lambs were racing o'er the meadows green;  
O'er all the landscape fell a sky-blue sheen.  
The air was soft and still, and sounds of spring  
And odors sweet from every growing thing  
Beguiled his lazy sense and lulled to sleep,  
As wagging waves do sailors on the deep.

*In Childhood's Early Morn We Heard Them Call*







*We stood, with childish, wondering eyes and heart  
And tho't to see the swiftly speading dart,  
That spirit voice,—the bells.*



A gentle hand passed o'er his drooping eyes,  
Dulled every sense but one; that, left alive  
To hear a voice—the bells.

They rang. But never as upon that morn.  
Ten thousand voices on their notes were borne.  
Time's short,—the pen too quickly worn away  
To tell of all the message heard that day.  
Each hill and vale and crag and mountain peak,  
Ocean and coral reef, where divers seek  
For pearls; all lands, all lakes, and every glen,  
And every place where foot of man hath been,  
And what unseen, that future will reveal  
When men remember, “Seekers still must kneel,”  
Was calling in—the bells.

He heard the voices of the ancient seers;  
The poet's song, the wisdom of the years,  
The Alexandrian hidden secrets called,  
And Pompeii and Herculaneum long impaled,  
And Rome and Greece and Nineveh and Ind',  
Science and arts that long forgot had been;  
And Solon spake, and Euclides again,  
And Croesus told the way to wealth, and Pan  
Piped all his secrets forth, and all the world  
Of earth and sea and sky found voice and called:  
“Rouse up and hear—the bells.”

He turned his head as if to heed the voice.  
Yet still slept on, as seamen 'mid the noise  
Of calling waves, which tell of mysteries.  
And as he slept, he dreamed a gentle breeze

Had blown away the morn, and bro't the day,  
Divinely set, for men to rest and pray.  
And sounds of other bells,—but grander still,  
As ocean's music's grander than the rill's,—  
Were calling to his half-awakened heart:  
"Rouse up from sleep, and from this place depart  
And climb where call—the bells."

He list the sound; it came from far away  
Beyond the home of stars or night or day.  
The music of a countless heavenly throng,  
Their songs, their symphonies, were borne along.  
He heard the Shepherd Boy on Juda's hill;  
The voice of God on Sinai echoed still;  
And he who slept on pillow made of stone  
At midnight gave his vows before the throne.  
That voice which Saul heard on Damascus' road,  
And John, on Isle of Patmos, left alone,  
Were mingled in—the bells.

All voices sweet that human ears have heard,  
Whose music bore the message of God's Word.  
The prayer of those who bade revenge be stilled  
When fagot blazed and wild beast crushed and killed,  
Their vows, who said to fatherland, "Farewell;"  
Braved wintry seas and fires fierce as hell,  
To worship God. And thousands now unknown,  
The good, the true—awoke with thunder tones  
The sleeping lad. He heard. And with one breath,  
He cried, "Let come what may—or life, or death,  
I 'll heed that voice—the bells!"



*They are Our Friends*



## The Clouds

They come,—from whence we scarce can tell;  
From West, or East, or North, or South  
They come,—companions of the winds,  
And winds are wanderers o'er all  
The endless stretch of earth and sea.  
They come to-night from out the West,  
But if we hastened to the dim  
Horizon line, they still would come.  
They grow,—up yonder in the blue,  
From little balls of fleecy foam  
To mighty billows, blown by winds  
And dashed by lightnings into spray  
That splashes all the autumn earth.  
They are our friends. They shield our homes  
From burning rays of noonday sun.

From far-off ocean's fertile fields  
They bring rich food for flowers;  
For man and beast and bird a drink  
Of nectar, fit for heaven's king.  
They are the grandest things of earth.  
They are the work of God alone.  
All else is meant for man to mold,  
All else by man is beautified;

These can not be! (But may be blurred  
In man's fierce battle for his bread.)  
The waste, when godlike men have wrought,  
Becomes a paradise again.  
But clouds! Man can not add their hue  
Nor shape. They need no change. They spring  
To form of majesty supreme  
In one brief breath of time; and man  
Can only stand and gaze in awe,—  
What time their hills are crowned with gold.



*Late in the Afternoon*



## Late in the Afternoon

Can it be that the shadows fall to the East!

    That the hour's far past the noon!

Is it true that the wild bird seeks its nest?

    That the sun will be setting soon?

Ah, me! 'T was only awhile ago

    The day was at the dawn,

And we were watching the jewels rare

    Which grew on the dewy lawn;

And I was a rollicking, barefoot boy,

    With turned-up pantaloons,

Seining the pool for pollywogs,

    And whistling merry tunes.

A laddie who loitered the way to school,

    Envying every bird

And the lambs that skipped and played all day,

    With never a lesson to learn.

And you were a lassie with hair in curls,

    And little, and—O, so afraid!

And dared not climb in the orchard tree,

    Where the robin's nest was made.

It seems but a little while ago

    That we sat on father's knee

And he rocked us to sleep, or told us tales

    Of when he was a lad at sea.

Your eyes but yesterday were bright,  
Your cheeks as rosy as dawn;  
And when I lifted you over the rough,  
You said, "You are so strong."

But I note that the light is fading now;  
And you hold the book away;  
And you walk so slow; and your voice is low—  
You were blithe as a bird yesterday.

And me? My hand will tremble now,  
And I can not lift the load.

It must be true, that we're growing old!  
It's the western slope of the road.

I was looking again at the pictures, to-day,  
That we keep on the mantel shelf;  
The faces of boys and girls whom we loved  
In the days when they were our wealth.

Our faces are growing wrinkled now,  
And theirs—are still so fair!  
And I wondered how it will be in the day  
When we meet again—up there.

Have they always been children in God's dear home?  
We are told, "They never grow old."  
Will it be little hands we shall clasp again,  
In the city whose streets are of gold?

Dear heart, I think that we soon shall know,  
For the hour is getting late;  
And dimly I see in the evening dawn  
Some one by the open gate.



*A Place of Peace*



## Sunset

A touch of gold on the Western world,  
In the East a fading light.

And far on high,  
In the wondrous sky,  
The guardians of the night!

The winds are fallen fast asleep ;  
Their journey now is o'er ;  
They came from afar  
Where the sea nymphs are,  
O'er prairie and mountain and moor.

The billowy fields of growing grain,  
That answered the wild winds call,  
Are hushed to rest  
On the prairie's breast  
By its cadence's rise and fall.

The wood that was music all the day,  
And wondrous with light and shade,  
Is dark and still,  
Save the whip-poor-will  
That calls from the lonely glade.

Along the path in the old farm lane  
The cattle wind their way,  
And lazily drink  
At the river's brink,  
Ere they give for their pasture their pay.

The hour of peace comes to all our world,  
That Sabbath of every day,  
Which bids toil cease  
And which gives release  
To the weary on life's way.

And the day that is done with the setting sun,  
How hath this day been spent?  
As He would love  
Who dwells above  
And whose kindly aid was lent?

Dear Savior, if one more day be ours,  
Teach us to better be.  
Our days are fewer;  
Help us be truer  
To ourselves, to the right, and to Thee.

And if to us the sun that is set  
Hath bidden its last "good-night,"  
O, bear us away,  
We humbly pray,  
To the land where Thou art the Light.



*Who Planted the Flowers on "The Indian's Grave?"*





*The Sun is Set, and They Sleep Until the Dawn of the Day*













